

A. A.

THE
Johnson Journal



February - 1932

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

The Student Publication of the Johnson High School, North Andover, Mass.

VOL. IX

FEBRUARY - 1932

NO. 2

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-chief
Assistant Editor
Art Editor
Humor Editor
News Editor
Sports Editor—Girls
Sports Editor—Boys
Exchange Editor
Alumni Editor

ROBERT M. GAGNE
ARTHUR B. BASTIAN
GEORGE L. BRIGHTMAN
DANIEL A. BALAVICH
JOHN J. PHELAN, JR.
ELEANOR A. FITZGERALD
CHARLES J. DONLAN
MARY A. SULLIVAN
DORCAS CURLEY
MIRIAM WILLIAMS
LOTTIE F. MASELUNAS
MARY E. CUNIO

Typists

BUSINESS STAFF

Business Manager
Advertising Manager
Circulation Manager
Faculty Adviser

GEORGE W. BUSBY, JR.
LEONARD O. SLICER
JOHN R. McEVOY, JR.
MISS EDITH L. PIERCE

REPORTERS

Senior Class
Junior Class
Sophomore Class }
Freshman Class }

RUTH BUCHAN, FRANK Z. RINGALO
JEAN BARKER, LEON A. J. DIAMONT
MARGUERITE PHELAN
CLAIRE M. LEBEL, WILLIAM B. GRAHAM
BARBARA MCKENZIE, VINCENT F. MILLER
WINIFRED BALDWIN, THOMAS A. CEPLIKAS

Table of Contents

STAFF	1
EDITOR'S PAGE	2
LITERARY	3
ATHLETICS	10
ALUMNI NOTES	11
CHATTER	13
EXCHANGES	14
JOKES	17



EDITOR'S PAGE



INPUT EQUALS OUTPUT

Quite early in the study of Physics one learns a fundamental law of work: Input equals Output. Any member of the Physics class will tell you that it is quite useful in solving many of the conventional problems, difficult and otherwise.

But what we are concerned with is this: Does this law apply only to problems in Physics? We believe it would make an excellent motto to adorn the empty space above every door. It would be a good thing to keep in mind all through the days in high school, and afterwards.

There are in our school, as in others, certain members who exert themselves to a minimum in class, never study, and seem to drift along lackadaisically from one day to the next. They are envied by many, for they really do seem to derive an unlimited amount of pleasure by merely drifting along. They themselves say they have a wonderful time. But how shallow is their enjoyment! Their input amounts to very little; their output is relative.

There are other kinds of people in school whose output is not all that it might be. There are those who devote their time and energy to athletics and forget about studies. What will their output be? Perhaps a strong body, but a weak little mind.

Of course, this works the other way, too. Some of us spend too little time on athletics and too much on study. These will receive for their pains a weak body with a strong mind.

From these examples it may be

seen how a law of Physics may be adapted to school life. Is it not reasonable to assume that the same is applicable just as pertinently to all life? With this in mind, wouldn't it be a good idea to increase your input? Be assured that your benefits will vary accordingly. If you are skeptical, give it a fair trial. Remember that this law is good under all conditions, and has no exception: Input equals Output.

THE VALUE OF BOOKS

Marcus Tullius Cicero was the greatest orator and man of letters produced by ancient Rome, and one of the leading statesmen in the last age of the republic. He has left to the world some very worthwhile thoughts, found in his oration in defense of Archias, the poet, which is largely an essay on the value of literature. As a text for this essay I am taking one well-known section from this oration, which reads as follows: "Other recreations do not belong to all times, all ages, and all places; but these studies foster youth, please old age, adorn prosperity, offer refuge and solace in adverse times, entertain us at home, do not impede us out of doors, spend the night with us, go abroad with us, and go into the country with us."

In this selection we first find mentioned the inadequacy of our various pleasures, excepting our reading. The enjoyment we derive from playing with toys as children is lacking as we grow older, and as children we would never have devoted time to what today we consider

necessary to our happiness. Fifty years ago such sports as golf and tennis were practically unknown, and pleasure riding in automobiles was unheard of. Again, our circumstances may not permit us to own a car or to indulge in such sports as golf and tennis, thus making these recreations available only to certain persons.

But, Cicero goes on to say, these studies, pertaining to literature and learning, "foster youth, please old age, and adorn prosperity." How quickly a child wearies of a favorite toy, whereas books are an unfailing source of delight, which keep him quiet for hours. What comfort and joy is derived from books by elderly persons, who are confined to their homes and who are deprived of pleasures enjoyed by younger people. Prosperity is glorified by learning and literature, and without these, prosperity cannot be fully enjoyed.

Next comes the phrase, "These studies offer refuge and solace in

adversity." Regardless of our status in life, our circumstances, or our resources, books are available to all of us. No greater comfort may be derived from any recreation than we may receive from an hour's perusal of a good book. Harrying cares and problems may be left behind, a disagreeable encounter erased, a disliked companion forgotten, by a method beneficial, enjoyable, and enlightening to the reader. Though the times, which have brought us time-saving inventions, expensive pleasures, and made common the luxuries hitherto possessed only by a lucky few, now deprive us of these self-same indulgences, still we may seek refuge and solace in our books. Perhaps some peculiar benefit will have been derived from this economic depression, if at its termination, we find that our needs fall far short of what we have been wont to expect, and that our pleasure and recreation may be both inexpensive and entertaining.

Dorcas Curley '32



LITERARY



La PERDRIX

A mass of feathers lay at my feet on the whitewashed floor of the old hen house; small downy, grey feathers, sharp, stiff wing feathers, shiny black neck feathers, beautiful brown-black feathers, large, white breast feathers marked with grey, with here and there a few speckled brown tail feathers, each with a broad band of black near the end, and tipped with silver. Above, the freshly plucked body of a plump

partridge hung from a frail cord. Having finished my work I stretched my arms, leaned back on a sack of grain, and yawned. For a few moments my eyes rested on the bird and then like a vision, the memory of the day before crept into my mind.

The wet November woods were blanketed with a damp mist, which hung heavy and motionless in the lowlands, and became thinner in the hills. As it was already becoming dark, I hastened my steps toward a wooded thicket which lay before me,

a dull shapeless mass in the mist. I had been tramping the uplands for hours without flushing a single partridge, but before me lay my hope. Somewhere in that maze of bushes, briars, and wind-scattered leaves, partridge were to be found, I knew not where.

Cautiously I stepped over a low wall of moss covered rocks, and expectantly waited. Nothing happened. Holding my breath, I moved on into a clump of wet bushes. Still nothing. My heart was thumping loudly, a cold sweat broke out on my forehead, and my gun seemed unusually heavy; still I stalked on, among the slender maples and birches. Whirr-r-r! A feathered bomb exploded from the leaves at my feet and rocketed upward among the tree-tops. I raised my gun, followed the flight of the fleeing silhouette against the broad expanse of grey clouds, and pulled the trigger. The feathered rocket wavered for a second and sideslipped to earth, a mass of flapping feathers and kicking feet. Above the warm body a few fluffy feathers drifted slowly downward, reluctant to be separated in such a rude manner. The smell of burning nitro became fainter, and the last echoes of the shot were lost in the distance as I picked up a fine cock partridge. A tear came to my eyes as I smoothed the ruffled feathers on his warm breast, carefully folded his wings, and slipped him into my game pocket. I was satisfied; who wouldn't be?

George W. Busby, Jr. '32

BOOKS

Did you ever stop to think how really valuable books are to us? Books cultivate our tastes, furnish us with interesting conversation, fur-

ther our knowledge, and afford us recreation.

Some of us are not fortunate enough to be able to go to college. Our education does not necessarily end at grammar or high school. If we have the ambition to learn, books give us the opportunity.

If one has read some of the many good books one does not lack conversation, and feels confident that he is not boring his listeners, because nothing is more interesting than a discussion of the latest literary achievement. In my reading I found the following poem by Ina Brevoort Roberts which seems to fit this essay.

"NO BOOKS?"

"Suppose there were no books!
No books to read in cozy nooks!
No books to fill the hungry mind,
And teach the art of being kind.

No books to while an hour away,
To link today with yesterday;
No books to charm us for a while,
To bring a tear or lure a smile.

But there are books, praise God
above!

If we have books and we have love,
We can dispense with other things—
'Tis books, not crowns, that make
men kings."

Irene Barron '33

MY FAMILY IN COLONIAL DAYS

It was a bright, moonlight night on the 24th of December in the year 1633 when my brother and I roamed through the virgin forest bordering the colorful Merrimac River, in search of a Christmas turkey. I carried an old blunderbuss with a funnel shaped barrel, a quantity of powder and lead, together with an iron ramrod, while John struggled along with a heavy forked stick.

Turkeys were plentiful in the district between the picturesque lake Cochichewick and the Merrimac, and we had only traveled a short distance when one of the proud birds appeared in view, strutting about among the moonlit trees. With the eye of an experienced hunter I saw that the cock was very thin, so we continued on our way in quest of a more favorable victim. Ten minutes later we came upon another bronzed turkey, which appeared to be quite plump and tender, so I informed my younger brother that I was going to secure him. John quickly stuck the forked stick, which he carried for the purpose, into the semi-frozen earth, reënforced it with several medium-sized stones and retreated behind a neighboring tree, leaving the remainder of the responsibility to me. Confidently I hefted the awkward gun to my shoulder, rested it in the crotched stake, aimed in the direction of Mr. Turkey and lighted the fuse which led to the powder. The blunder-buss exploded with a deafening roar enshrouding me in a dense mass of smoke through which I could barely discern the orange tinted moon. It cleared presently, however, and revealed to our great joy the motionless form of a huge, crested turkey. Thus we secured our turkey in the good old days, when a man's wealth was reckoned by his ability as a woodsman.

The following morning, Christmas, I was unceremoniously aroused from slumber by a loud commotion in the parlor of our log cabin. I leaped up from the bed, jumped into my buckskins and hurried into the other room, expecting to be greeted by an array of arrows from hostile Indians. However, the cause of the disturbance proved to be only the

arrival of my Uncle Bill, who had left his home in the Plymouth Colony and journeyed through the Indian infested wilderness to finally reach our settlement on the Merrimac.

The morning passed pleasantly as we listened to the romantic dialogue of uncle's adventures with the Indians, and how his so-called brave hound-dog "Driver" had driven away a pack of savage wolves which were about to devour him. I noticed that his infallible "Driver" retreated to an isolated corner of the living-room in consternation when our cat playfully pawed his homely visage.

Massasoit, the Indian, who had kindly shown us how to plant corn and potatoes, and whom we had invited for Christmas, now arrived, bringing with him slight tokens of gratitude. He presented both John and me with an ash bow, a number of barbed arrows and a quill-adorned bow-case and quiver of wampum. The noble Indian became the center of attraction and a faint tint of red appeared on his dusky countenance, evidently the result of self-consciousness.

At last dinner was ready and we flocked into the rude, yet cozy, dining-room to partake of the gleanings of field and woods. The meal was excellent; the turkey barbecued to a rich, golden brown was delicious; heaping platters of Indian corn and potatoes adorned the table. The conversation was fluent and unrestrained, laughter prevailed throughout the group; even Massasoit, usually very stolid, forgot his dignity and relapsed into an occasional smile. As the dinner progressed, so also in like proportions did Uncle Bill's bragging remarks. He proudly informed the much impressed Massasoit that his "Driver" was the

best hunter in all America, and he slyly added to impress conviction, that when a fox was pursued by his speed-demon it usually died soon afterwards from an over-taxed heart. Now my father owned a nice, little hound, and, not willing to stay in the background, argued that his "Bozo" was so fleet that he could hunt him only when the season was wet because the hound ran so fast that sparks flew from under his legs, endangering the forest. This quite floored uncle, and he asked Massasoit if what my father had said was true. The embarrassed Indian desiring to remain neutral, but somehow misunderstanding the question asked of him, shook his head vigorously in the affirmative. Uncle Bill, still unconvinced but not wishing to contradict Massasoit, who, when angered, was extremely formidable, desired to be given a demonstration of this dog with the uncanny ability. My parent, after a few seconds of excellently timed concentration, announced that such a demonstration might be possible immediately after dinner.

The feast finally came to a termination and the male members of the family importantly left their places and went out-doors. His majesty, Bozo the hound, was willing to go for a hunt, so, foolishly neglecting to take any firearms whatsoever, we started pompously down the trail. Bozo was unleashed and we sat down on a handy log to await developments. The master hunter sneaked his way under a thick growth of dwarfish cedar and promptly disappeared from view. Suddenly there was a preliminary "woof" soon followed by a savage "boof" and then the famous drawn-out bay of the hot-trail. A smile of doubtful satisfaction lighted up

my father's countenance but it instantly vanished when a sharp twang vibrated through the brisk air and a feathered arrow quivered into a tree above his head. Another dart ploughed angrily into the turf at my feet, so leaving Mr. Hound to his dangerous pastime, we sprinted toward our log cabin a half-mile up the winding path. Two hostile, bloodthirsty savages dashed in hot pursuit sending their intended missives of death uncomfortably close to our honored personages. Somehow we managed to escape injury, and puffing heavily, stumbled into the welcome shelter of the log dwelling. Our lusty pursuers, who so bravely risked their lives when we were weaponless, seemed to fade away into the gloom of the forest on our second appearance with the trusty blunderbuss.

The remainder of that long-remembered Christmas day was spent indoors recuperating from the tiring effects of our thrilling adventure and resolving to keep our scalps for at least another Christmas.

Henry Kennedy '34

ROGER BACON CRIES,
"EXPERIMENT, EXPERIMENT!"

Before the Christian Era, in sunny Greece, there lived a wise and acutely keen man, Aristotle by name. Through a perusal of his works, so fortunately preserved for us by the intelligent Moslems, we can see where he derives the title of the First Scientist. But it was tragic that when posterity read his works, they concluded that Aristotle had known everything there was to know, and so did not bother to experiment for themselves, unless they were seeking the yet undiscovered elixir of life, or the philosopher's stone. Chaucer's

Clerk of Oxford is a typical example of those medieval scholars.

Not until the advent of Roger Bacon was there a voice to defy Aristotle. As Mr. H. G. Wells says, Aristotle would have *lauded* Bacon for doubting him. A true scientist often makes false theories; but he graciously invites anyone to prove that he is wrong. There are no grudges when truth is the watchword.

This Franciscan monk of Oxford was more than a learned man. He was genius. Certainly a man who will face the wave of hundreds of years of blind and implicit belief with the cry to doubt deserves that honored title. Throughout his works, he hurled the words of Skepticism. And after he had died his words began to take fruit.

More water is stirred by the waves of a diver's fall than directly by the body. So it was in this case. Galileo took up Bacon's cry. He would test Aristotle. Perhaps the statement that the speed of a body varies directly as the weight, had been only intended as a theory, not a law. From the leaning tower of Pisa he dropped objects simultaneously and to the astonished eyes of the scholars, these various weights struck the ground simultaneously. Bacon was revenged.

The torch was carried on. Harvey, DaVinci, Kepler, the torch was carried on. Science which had died with Aristotle was resurrected.

Frank Ringalo '32

A CHILDHOOD MEMORY

One attraction which always existed when I visited my grandmother was the bakery shop which stood not very far from her door. Its brightness and warmth and lovely, spicy smell never failed to send shivers of

delight up and down my spine, as I stood before the counter, my nickel clutched tightly in my hand, and my nose elevated one-half inch above the shelf. But best of all I can remember the keeper of that little bakery, as she used to bustle in from the mysterious back regions of her tiny shop, her plump, bare arms dusted with flour, and her apron swathed tightly about her.

She was the picture of neatness, and no matter how great a hurry she was in, never a hair was out of place, nor was her appearance in the least ruffled. Her hair was done in a neat little knob upon the top of her head, and her ears, which were rather large, always shone as if they had been recently scrubbed. Her black eyes, red cheeks, and red nose always fascinated me, as did the peculiar motion of her chin when she spoke. In the soft plumpness under her chin were a number of hairs, which she smoothed continually as though to contribute still further to her neat appearance. She wore a narrow, black ribbon about her throat, and a black brooch on her breast, which twinkled as it rose and fell with her labored breathing.

She was the kindest-hearted person imaginable, in spite of her brisk manner and sharp tongue, and could never withstand the hungry appeal in a child's eyes. I can remember how she used to drive the children out, talking excitedly, and flapping her apron, only to scurry back and give each child a freshly-baked cupcake "with nuts in", as she used to say.

She remains in my memory like a character out of Dickens, with her odd little mannerisms; the clucking sound she made with her tongue when I told her of my grandmother's swelling leg, the swish of her skirts

as she swept between the counter and the wall, and her pleasant way of sniffing, as if she, too, enjoyed the delicious odors which issued from her kitchen.

Dorcas Curley '32

JUST SUPPOSE

I

If all we say
In a single day
With never a word left out,
Were written each night
In plain black and white
'Twould prove queer reading, no
doubt.

II

And then just suppose
Before our eyes we could close,
We should read the day's record
through,
Then shouldn't we sigh
And shouldn't we try
A great deal less talking to do?

Maud Robinson '35

OUR YOUNG EXPLORERS AT THE SOUTH POLE

(To be read by Freshmen only)
By Peter Sluskonis

Author of Our Young Explorers in Arizona, in China, in Sane, in the Borneos, etc., etc., etc. Also author of "The Care and Feeding of the Bedbug".

Chapter, First and Last

"Bang! Bang!" spoke Ned Armstrong's gun and forty-seven obstreperous, sanguine, blood seeking Eskimos bit the snow. (Dust is not found at the South pole.)

"Bang! Bang!" spoke the gun of Tom Strongarm, our hero's trusty pal.

"Gee, this is sure life!" ejaculated our hero.

"Yes," assented Tom, "it's even

better than the tiger stampede we went through in Alaska."

Our dear reader will perhaps recollect in the seventy-eighth volume of "Our Young Explorers" series, the fun our hero and Tom Strongarm had in Alaska.

"We're out of ammunition," gleefully announced Ned.

"So we are," answered Tom as he hungrily munched on an overlooked dog biscuit.

What were our heroes to do? Here they were two and a half million miles from civilization with no ammunition, no dog team, no food but with the eighth battalion of the Eskimo guard bearing down upon them.

"Bravo!" yelled our hero as he withdrew a bean blower from his watch pocket. But alas and alack, the beans could repel no such a fierce attack.

But suddenly on the horizon appeared the Stars and Stripes, the roll of drums was heard. The Marines had come to the rescue!

The End

Read the latest exploits of our hero Ned Armstrong and his pal Tom Strongarm in the latest book, "Our Young Explorers at Coney Island". It will be put on the market as soon as the ink dries.

P. B. F. Sluskonis

THE VALUE OF HOLIDAYS

We have many holidays during the school year; so many in fact that some people have questioned the advisability of allowing the pupils so large a number of free days. Their chief argument seems to be that it interrupts the class routine. But haven't we all had, at some time or other, more work on a holiday than we would have had otherwise? A second argument against holidays is that they tend to make a person

lazy and uninterested in his work. This is true in the case of long vacations. It is always a hard struggle for me to go back to school, and as the fateful day approaches, I like the idea of returning less and less. But after a day or two I regain my lost interest and start to work in earnest.

In athletics a man is given a let-down whenever he seems to be getting "stale"; that is, when he reaches a stage where trifles upset him, he loses his interest in sport and feels torpid and surly. The coach, recognizing the symptoms, gives the jaded athlete a brief holiday in which he is ordered to forget all about work and merely enjoy himself. The result is that the athlete upon his return shows more pep and vim than the man who has been training steadily. Psychologists have offered the same solution to manufacturers, so that now in some factories the workers toil for about ninety minutes and then rest for fifteen. By this means production has been increased and the number of accidents greatly reduced. People may become mentally as well as physically weary, so they should be given rest periods in which to readjust themselves. Formerly in universities where the only vacation came at Christmas, a great deal of so-called rough-housing took place. A number of young men would be idly conversing, when some one of the company, by way of working off steam, would seize a friend and begin to wrestle. The impulse being given, a general meleé would at once begin. Authorities recognized the need, and now vacations are provided at regular intervals.

There is also something to be said on the spiritual side. Holidays give us a chance to honor some of our

patriots and heroes. On Thanksgiving Day we pay homage to that little band which so bravely faced the perils and privations of a New World. Of Christmas we need not speak; its significance is world-wide. There is no country on the globe in which Christmas is not celebrated in some form or other. In February comes Washington's Birthday, when that great man's memory is honored not only in the country which he helped to found, but in South America, Africa, and Europe, where the children know his story just as well as the children in the United States do. In April there is Patriots' Day when we celebrate the beginning of the long struggle which culminated in complete independence for the colonies. On May thirtieth the memory of all our gallant heroes is honored, and their noble example serves as a spur to all of our citizens, leading them to take new vows of faith and duty.

John Arnold Ratcliffe '32

Treaty of Ghent is a treaty made by Ghent of France giving America its Independence.

Omnibus Bill: One to regulate transportation.

Teacher: "Be sure that you think over your material—digest it thoroughly. You will find the table of Square Measure in your Appendix."

Miss Oetjen: "Enough guessing Gesing."

Freshman definition of chronic: A cliff that sticks out into the ocean.

"Pretty soft," exclaimed Darveau, as he scratched his head.



ATHLETICS



Johnson High terminated its 1931 football season on Thanksgiving day, when it played Howe High of Billerica, at North Andover. On the whole the season was a fair one, considering that Coach Hayes had only two veterans with whom to work. The season's record is as follows:

Johnson	0	Newburyport	47
Johnson	6	Gloucester	12
Johnson	0	Danvers	0
Johnson	0	Methuen	20
Johnson	7	Manning	14
Johnson	13	Woodbury	6
Johnson	40	Hampton	0
Johnson	27	Chelmsford	0
Johnson	7	Howe	12

Johnson	100	Opponents	111
---------	-----	-----------	-----

Abiding by the usual custom, those members of the football squad who were in their senior year were awarded sweaters. This year, sweaters were presented to the following seniors:

Captain Allan Morse, John Arnold Ratcliffe, Philip Busby, George W. Busby, Jr., Henry Nason, Frank Ringalo, Anthony Buturlia, Charles Trombly, Samuel Tetler, Cyril Knowles.

Recently, football certificates were awarded to the following lettermen:

Louis Sanderson, Arthur MacGregor, Leon Diamont, Fred McRobbie, Philip Busby, Cyril Knowles, Antohny Buturlia, Ben Riley, J. Arnold Ratcliffe, Charles Trombly, John Costello, Frank Ringalo, David Roberts, Samuel Tetler, Thomas Barnes, Henry Nason, Eugene Walsh, Allan Morse, John J. Phelan, Jr., George W. Busby, Jr., Albert Kennedy, Charles Donlan.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The Boys' basketball team, led by Captain Cyril Knowles, got under way December, 1931, when it played the Alumni team. The alumni were easy victims, the present school team winning 19-10. Up to the time of writing, the boys' team has lost but a single game. This game was played at Pepperell, Johnson receiving the lower end of a 55-50 score. The other teams, with the exception of Littleton and Methuen, have fallen easy victims to the school team. The schedule is as follows:

Johnson	19	Alumni	10
Johnson	50	Pepperell	55
Johnson	54	Woodbury	17
Johnson	47	Chelmsford	17
Johnson	14	Littleton	12
Johnson	21	Methuen	20
Johnson	17	Manning	12
Johnson	33	Billerica	14
Johnson	33	Groveland	17
Johnson	17	Littleton	13

Several games have been played during the period which elapsed between the time of this writing and the publication. Their scores will be listed in the next issue of the Journal. Games to play, are as follows:

- (Thursday) February 18—Johnson at Groveland
- (Friday) March 4—West Newbury at Johnson
- (Wednesday) March 9—Johnson at Woodbury
- (Friday) March 11—Johnson at Merrimac
- (Monday) March 14—Johnson at West Newbury
- (Friday) March 18—Merrimac at Johnson

JOHNSON GIRLS' BASKETBALL

One of the most successful seasons ever enjoyed by the girls' basketball team is being promised us by the girls under the supervision of Miss Colburn and Miss Kelley. Half of the team is made up of new members, and they are lining up splendidly with the other half of the team which consists of last year's members. Nine games have already been played. The record:

Johnson	24	Alumnae	33
Johnson	18	Punchard	23
Johnson	16	Chelmsford	31
Johnson	18	Littleton	17
Johnson	26	Woodbury	23
Johnson	21	Methuen	15
Johnson	42	Billerica	15
Johnson	20	Groveland	15
Johnson	18	Littleton	13
<hr/>			
Johnson	203	Opponents	185

The alumnae team, composed of material of preceding years, defeated the Johnson girls 33-24. Although this defeat was expected, the girls fought bravely. Bixby and Feather featured for Johnson.

Punchard defeated Johnson in a close game 23-18. Bixby and Feather stood out for Johnson.

Johnson was also defeated by Chelmsford 16-31. Although the game was one-sided, Johnson's girls showed no lack of pep and fight.

Then came the game with Littleton, which was the best played so far. Both teams had many supporters. The score was 18-17 in favor of Johnson.

Johnson defeated Woodbury 26-23. Bixby and Feather excelled for Johnson.

Johnson defeated Methuen 21-15. The game was hard fought by both teams.

Johnson won from Billerica 42-15. Feather, Bixby, and Downing stood out for Johnson.

Johnson defeated Groveland 20-15 in a good, clean, hard-fought game.

Johnson again won victory over Littleton to the score of 18-13. Very good shooting was shown by both of Johnson's girls, Feather and Bixby.

The Johnson girls have eight more games to play. So far they stand second in line for the championship in the Suburban League.



ALUMNI NOTES



Marion G. Buchan has followed a varied course since her graduation from Johnson High in 1929. She attended the New England Conservatory of Music for one-half year, received her diploma from Miss Pierce's Secretarial School in Boston, spent some time in preparation for Civil Service Exams at Cannon's Commercial College, and is now temporarily engaged in the Stevens Mill office.

Phyllis E. Pitman, who graduated from Johnson in 1930, and has since then been employed in the office of Dr. Frank Lee of this town, has left for Salem Hospital, Salem, Mass., where she intends to train as a nurse.

Alice I. Lambert in 1928 but not in 1932! She now answers to the name of Mrs. Frank Benoit, and in spite of her raised status, she is still the same old Alice.

Frances Smith, a graduate from Johnson in 1928, and from Lasell Seminary in 1930, has announced her engagement to Livings S. Jennings of New York.

William T. Moody, a graduate from Johnson in 1926, and a graduate from M. I. T. in 1931, has obtained a position in Denver, Colorado, where he is working for the U. S. Government.

Norman Richardson graduated with the class of 1924 from Johnson High, and from the University of Illinois in 1928. He occupied a position as history teacher and physical instructor in Quincy, Mass., for some time and last year was the head life-guard at the North Andover swimming beach. He is now running for constable, and the alumni of Johnson High are expected to do their duty in the coming election.

Richard Carl Pfeiffer, a graduate from Johnson in 1927, has been employed for the last four years at Davis and Furber machine shop. This fall he entered Kirksville College of Osteopathy in Missouri, where he is studying osteopathy and surgery.

Edmond Elliot, who graduated from Johnson in 1926, from the Huntington School in 1927, and from the University of Maine in 1931, married Miss Elizabeth Thomas of this town last November. Miss Thomas is a graduate of Abbot Academy, Andover, and Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School in Boston.

Gerald W. Curran, who graduated from Johnson in 1929, is now a Junior at Northeastern, well known about town, and a high frat expectation.

Malcolm L. Buchan, a graduate of the class of 1928, is completing his fourth year at Maine University.

Arthur W. Lambert, also a member of the graduating class of S. O. S. and S. M. U. T. fame, is in his fourth year at the University of New York, New York City.

Russell E. Colby, who graduated from Johnson in 1926, from Dartmouth in 1930, and then spent a year in Germany, is now an instructor of German at Dartmouth College.

William Greenler, Jr., valedictorian of the class of 1930, is the youngest person to have ever entered Boston College.

Henrietta Stephen, who graduated from Johnson in 1924, and from the University of Syracuse in 1928, is now teaching in Potsdam, New York.

Elroy Lacross, a graduate from Johnson in 1926, took Civil Service exams after attending commercial school in Lawrence, and is now engaged in the treasury department at Washington, D. C.

John A. Andrew, Jr., a graduate from Johnson in 1926, graduated from Mass. State College, and obtained a degree from Kansas State University. He is now an instructor at the school of Horticulture for Women in Ambler, Pennsylvania.

Sylvia Mason, who graduated from Johnson in 1924, and from Simmons College in 1928, is now employed as secretary to the sales manager at the Lawrence Gas and Electric Co. in Lawrence.

Alice Mason, who also graduated from Johnson in 1924, graduated from Jackson College in 1928, and is now teaching Latin at Concord, Mass., High School.

Florence Mason, a graduate from Johnson in 1927, and a graduate from Radcliffe College in 1931, is now teaching Mathematics at the Mt. Ida Private School for Girls in Newton, Mass.

Russell Mason, a graduate from Johnson in 1923 and from Lowell Textile in 1925, is now engaged as a chemist at the Watson-Park Chemical Company in Boston.

Alma Knowles, who graduated from Johnson in 1927, and is also

a graduate of the Lawrence General Hospital, was married last December to Dr. Walter Higgins.

Constance Etchells, who graduated from Johnson in 1928, has announced her engagement to William McAndrew.



The Seniors played host to the Freshmen at a party last November. The affair was greatly enjoyed by both classes, especially by the Freshmen as it was their first experience.

The hall was decorated in different hues which provided a vivid setting for the whole entertainment.

The program opened with a play entitled "Miss Eva Neway's Schoolhouse", which proved very amusing and drew a large applause. Fun and entertainment were provided by games which were held as contests between the classes. The games were comical and proved equally interesting for both the spectators and those participating. The remainder of the evening was spent in general dancing, as the majority of the Freshman boys became ardent students. During the course of the evening a Grand March was held and refreshments were served. The Freshman class greatly enjoyed the evening, and hope to do as well when they return the party.

The Freshman class have elected their officers for 1931-32. They are as follows: President, Arthur Olson; Vice-President, Leonard Windle; Treasurer, Virginia Driver; Secretary, Doris Lebel.

The Junior Class officers for the school year 1931-32 are as follows: President, John Phelan; Secretary, Capitola Mulligan; Treasurer, Leonard Slicer.

On Tuesday, December 22, we were honored by having John A. Andrews, Jr., graduate of Johnson High School, Class of '26, speak to us on the subject: Horticulture as a Profession for Women. Although this subject pertained especially to the girls, the whole school enjoyed it.

This is to inform those who are desirous of attending basketball contests without succumbing to the rather cumbersome (though indispensable) requisite of offering restitution, that their antecedent method of attaining admittance is now somewhat impeded by the timely appearance of an inviolable fastening, namely, a padlock. The only remaining ingress is the coal-chute.

On December 2, Johnson High received an old friend in the person of Officer Andrews of the Governor's Safety Council. He presented a most enjoyable talk on the problems of safety on the highways, based on facts and his own experiences. He

pointed out, among other things, that youths under age were deliberately violating the law by operating cars, and that rides from strangers are apt to lead into danger.

Officer Andrews impressed all, both by his pleasing personality and by his earnest and straightforward manner of speech.

The school gladly welcomes back Miss Cook, who was absent for a space of five weeks recovering from an operation. Especially did her French and History classes miss her guiding hand, when they were forced to prepare for examinations themselves.

IN MEMORIAM
JAMES F. COSTELLO
CLASS OF 1935

Last December we were pleasantly surprised when we enjoyed a talk on "Why Study?", given by Professor Frederick W. Holmes. The speaker is Associate Professor of English in Northwestern University. He stressed (as the title suggests), the value of study to us after we leave high school, and he impressed everyone with his earnest manner. All who heard him thought his address both appropriate and instructive.



EXCHANGES



Newburyport High School, Newburyport, Mass.

Your striking cover certainly introduced a most commendable magazine. We can't say what we admired most. Your literature, editorials, athletics and humor make "The Record" just the type of school paper we are striving to make "The Johnson Journal". Congratulations to your staff and all your writers!

"The Broctonia"

Brockton, Mass.

We appreciated receiving "The Broctonia", since we are always eager for new exchanges. We hope both papers will benefit through our exchanges.

"The Breezes"

West Newbury High School, West Newbury, Mass.

Your booklet is very original.

May we suggest more humor and an increase in your exchange department?

"Red and Gray"

Fitchburg High School, Fitchburg, Mass.

Your cuts are fine. The short proverbs on each page were very true. Some of them ought to have been in larger print, as their admonition would, I imagine, be appreciated by many. We enjoyed your photographs of the football stars at their two stages of life. Why not have a little more humor?

"The Cub"

Manning High School, Ipswich, Mass.

We were also pleased to add you to our Exchanges. Your school paper displayed a great deal of school spirit. May we suggest that

you have your material less crowded and have more emphasis placed on articles of importance? A section for advertisements also adds to a paper.

"The Harpoon"

Dartmouth High School
North Dartmouth, Mass.

Your school notes were well written. The material in your paper is well arranged. We are anticipating with pleasure another issue of "The Harpoon".

"The Blue and White"

Methuen High School, Methuen,
Mass.

"The Blue and White" is a magazine which always promises to be en-

tertaining. "Believe it or Not" was a very novel idea. Your exchange editor deserves praise for the development of a splendid Exchange department.

"Lawrence High School Bulletin"

We always enjoy your stories and humor. On the whole, we believe that the student body must be liberal in contributing, for you to edit such a paper.

"The Little Red School House"

Athol High School, Athol, Mass.

You deserve much credit for publishing your paper so often. You have a well filled paper which certainly must mean that your school members are active and ambitious.

GOT A SQUEAK?

Corn beef always goes with cabbage,
Onions pal with listerine,
Every mouse, a mouser savage,
Every bridge fiend, cards thirteen.

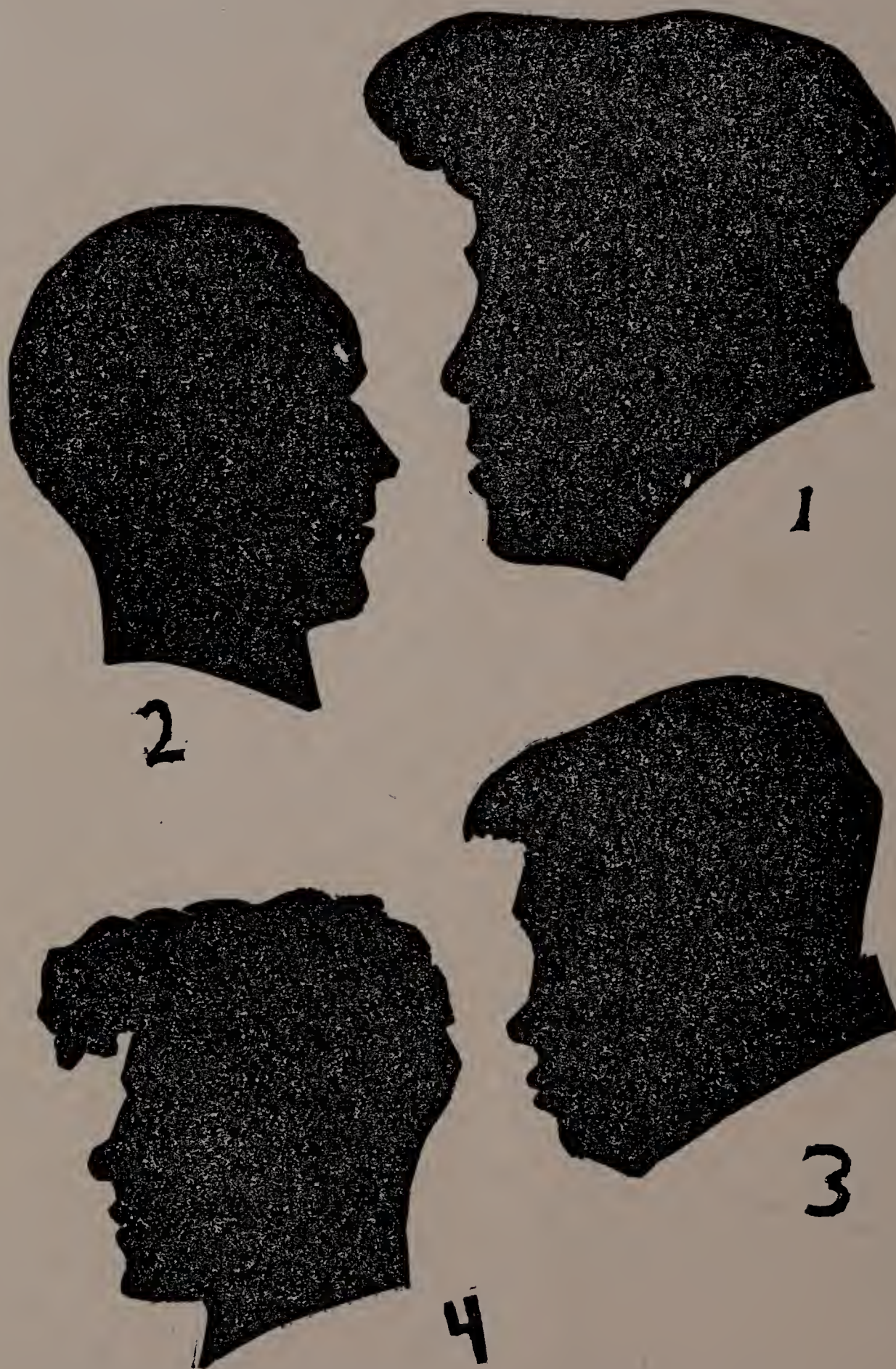
Indigestion goes with fried clams,
Every book an eye must seek,
Nervous breakdowns go with exams,
And every desk must have a squeak.

At first I used to lift the cover
Of my desk without a qualm,
Now I pry it like a lover,
Tenderly, with gentle palm.

But my care is all in vain,
Half way up a squeak, a groan,
Like a ghost in direst pain
Wailing in an anguished tone.

At this point I gnash my teeth,
Tear my hair, and wildly seek
To hide my head; What relief
To have a desk that wouldn't squeak!

Oil is cheap but quarts of oil
Wouldn't change a single creak,
So in spite of careful toil,
Still my desk retains a squeak.



Silhouettes by GEORGE L. BRIGHTMAN

1. JOE FLYNN; 2. G. W. BUSBY; 3. N. ROBERTS; 4. CY KNOWLES



Even his best friends wouldn't tell him, so he flunked the exam.

P. Covell: "Who was John Bunyan?"

C. Knowles: "Oh, he was a specialist on foot troubles."

Overheard on the Way Home

R. Donlan (to himself): "Well, George Washington and Abe Lincoln are dead, and I'm not feeling so hot myself."

N. Roberts: "Men of my type are not running loose."

A. Collins: "Of course not, that's what the police department is for."

Judge: "Well, you don't happen to remember the number of the car, do you?"

Coach Hayes: "No sir, but I do remember that if the sum of the digits is squared it equals the determinants of the cube root of the last three digits reversed."

Important!

Lost: Around the school (?) Joe Flynn's notebook.

H. Nason (at hunting camp): "Have the rest of the boys returned yet?"

F. Currier: "Yes."

H. Nason: "All of them?"

F. Currier: "Yes."

H. Nason: "Are you sure?"

F. Currier: "Positive."

H. Nason (puffing up chest): "Well I've shot a deer then."

Miss Richmond: "Now we'll play the 'Star Spangled Banner'."

Richardson: "My gosh! I just played that!"

Miss Sargent: "What animal do you think makes the nearest approach to man?"

K. Leighton (scratching his head): "The flea."

Waiter: "How did you find your beef, sir?"

Ratcliffe: "By lifting my potato."

Miss Kelley: "What was William of Orange nicknamed?"

Flynn (giggling): "Bill of Tangerine, wasn't he?"

Classified Ads.

For sale: Physics notebook. Complete with 14 experiments. Very good condition. Owner has been forced to retire from business. Apply to S. Tetler, Room 13.

Cannibal chief: "I shouldn't have eaten that missionary. I'm about to prove an old proverb. You can't keep a good man down."

Did You Know?

That Joe Flynn lost his notebook?

That you shouldn't do anything in school that you wouldn't do at home?

That there are exactly 111 more days till final exams?

That Arnie almost never shaves himself? (He has a barber do it!)



Compliments of

NORTH ANDOVER

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



Please Patronize Our Advertisers

LAWRENCE RUBBER CO.

455 ESSEX ST.

Tel. 25578

For Quality

Overshoes

Trench Coats

Rubber Boots

Oil Slickers

Rubbers

Rain Coats

ZUBER-CHOATE CO.

—
The Home of College Hall
Clothes
—

559 Essex Street

Lawrence, Mass.

Get Your Skates Ground At
**WALTER SUTCLIFFE'S
SHOE REPAIR SHOP**

75 WATER STREET

Opposite D. & F. Machine Shop

ADVERTISE

IN THE

JOHNSON JOURNAL

Compliments of

SAUNDERS' STUDIO

—
Special Rates to Graduates
—

LAWRENCE, MASS.

COMPLIMENTS OF

BROADWAY SAVINGS BANK

454 Essex Street

LAWRENCE, MASS.

Central Service Station

Goodyear Tires

Socony Gasoline and Motor Oils

ED. McINNES

Proprietor

RAILROAD SQUARE

Tel. 21717

Compliments of

GLENNIE'S MILK

Please Patronize Our Advertisers



You won't have to worry
about the end of your journey, and how
you're going to get there

if you start in a MACART.

Come in now and select one of these
smart new suits and a swanky overcoat.

\$25.00

Call for FREEMAN DAVIS

at

Macartney's

431 ESSEX STREET

Lawrence's Biggest—Busiest and Best
Men's and Boys' Store

Compliments of
DR. F. P. McLAY
DENTIST

We carry a complete line of
Personal Greeting Cards
for Christmas

PERKINS' DRUG STORE

T. J. BUCKLEY CO.

FURNITURE

284 Essex Street

LAWRENCE,

MASS.

Compliments of
A. P. CURRIER & CO.

CROSS BOOK SHOP

Books Magazines Cards

19 Lawrence Street
LAWRENCE

MASS.

Compliments of
BETSY ROSS
BREAD

Sliced or Unsliced

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

Compliments of

TOM GILLESPIE

Clothing and Furnishings

Dial 27385 236 Essex Street

LAWRENCE, MASS.

COLLEGE CLOTHES

Our Specialty

Suits—\$22.50

Extra Trousers—\$2.50

Tel. 25680



SMITH & COUTTS CO.

PRINTERS

**BOOK and COMMERCIAL
PRINTING - ENGRAVING**

4 Park Street Andover

Tel. 4583

FRED GARDNER'S
TEMPLE OF MUSIC

**"The Home of Standard
Merchandise"**

Service Always—Always Service

379 Essex Street., Lawrence, Mass.

DAVIS & FURBER MACHINE CO.

Textile Machinery

CARD CLOTHING and

NAPPER CLOTHING

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

Compliments of
DR. M. P. CURREN
DENTIST

J. VENTRE
Ladies' and Gents' Custom Tailor
Cleaning Pressing
Repairing
MAIN STREET

Compliments of
Longbottom's Markets

Compliments of
Dr. C. M. Saville
DENTIST

MAURICE C. CASEY
Real Estate and Insurance of
all Kinds
54 Water Street No. Andover

Compliments of
NO. ANDOVER COAL CO.

Compliments of
FINNERAN'S DRUG STORE
130 Main St. No. Andover

Compliments of
JOHNSON HIGH
LUNCH ROOM

COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS OF 1933

COMPLIMENTS OF

CLASS OF 1934

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

ESSEX SAVINGS BANK

ASSETS, \$29,860,000

DIVIDENDS **5%**

For Last Fourteen Years

S A V E
Consistently

Persistent saving while you are young will certainly bring about financial independence in old age.

It's the little amounts that make the big,—start your THRIFT Account here today.

Bay State National Bank

The Only National Bank in Lawrence

Founded 1847

Please Patronize Our Advertisers

SMITH & COUTTS CO.
PRINTERS

